

# THE DANCING MASTER

By RUBY AYRES

Author of "The Phantom Lover," "A Bachelor Husband," "The One Unwed," etc.

## THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Elizabeth Conger, a demure country girl, pretty in spite of her old-fashioned dandy dressing, is visiting a fashionable relative in London. At a grand ball she is a discolorate wallflower. A handsome young man asks her to dance and she has to confess she knows none of the up-to-date steps. He is Pat Royston, and teaches Elizabeth to dance. Her snobbish aunt and cousin rebuke her, as she is only a dancing master. Elizabeth hears her uncle, with whom she made her home in the country, is dead. She is met by Walter South, a solid but not very clever country boy, who loves her and proposes marriage in her plight. She refuses him and determines to go to London to earn her living by dancing on a legacy of £100 her uncle left her. She is grudgingly taken in by her aunt.

## AND HERE IT CONTINUES

Dolly borrows Elizabeth's money. Elizabeth looks tired. Elizabeth said, "And why are you carrying your slippers?" "I didn't want mother to hear me come up to you, so I took them off." Dolly sat down on her cousin's bed, and for a moment there was silence; then she said in a desperate kind of voice:

"Elizabeth, have you ever been in trouble—dreadful trouble?" Elizabeth shook her head. "No—I don't think so," she said. Dolly leaned forward; there was a hard gleam in her eyes. "Well, I am now," she said. She gripped Elizabeth's hand in both her own; they were hot and burning. "I am, and you've got to help me."

"Elizabeth thought she was dreaming. 'Why, how can I help you?' she asked, amazed. "Lend me some money; you've got a hundred pounds, I know, and you can afford to lend me some of it. I'll pay you back—I swear I will—and I must have it. I must have it by tomorrow, and I haven't a penny now."

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Continued tomorrow

## THE GUMPS—Uncle Bim at Bat

UNCLE BIM ON THE STAND—HE ANSWERED ALL QUESTIONS WITH A CLEAR, FIRM VOICE—SHOWING NO MALICE—HE MADE A GOOD WITNESS—



Q—MR. GUMP, HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN THE PLAINTIFF IN THIS CASE?  
A—ABOUT TWO YEARS—  
Q—I AM HANDING YOU A LETTER UNDER DATE OF OCT. 25, 1921—DID YOU RECEIVE THIS LETTER?  
A—I DID—  
Q—FROM WHOM?  
A—MRS. ZANDER—  
Q—HOW DID YOU RECEIVE IT?  
A—BY MAIL—  
Q—WHERE?  
A—IN AUSTRALIA—  
Q—I PRESENT THIS LETTER AS EVIDENCE AND WILL READ IT IN COURT—  
DEAREST BIMBO:—  
I THOUGHT OF YOU LAST NIGHT DEAR— I WENT TO SEE A SHOW CALLED THE CONQUEROR— I COULDN'T HELP BUT CONNECT IT WITH YOUR LIFE— YOU REMIND ME OF SOME HUGE ROCK IN THE SEA OF INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE—

TOWERING ABOVE ALL ELSE— THE GIBBERING OF FINANCE ON WHICH THE WAVES OF COMPETITION AND AMBITION WINDSWIFT AND MAD, STRIKE ONLY TO BE BEATEN BACK INTO BUBBLES AND FOAM— AND THEN I WONDER IF YOU ARE SINCERE— DO YOU REMEMBER THE NIGHT AT THE BLACK CAT— AT BILL DEWEY'S PARTY? WHEN YOU DREW MY PICTURE ON MY FAN? AND INSCRIBED IT "MY HEAVEN EYES"? NO MATTER WHAT THE FUTURE MAY BRING FORTH THAT NIGHT WILL ALWAYS BE ONE OF THE TENDEREST MEMORIES OF MY LIFE— AND DO YOU REMEMBER (I'LL BET YOU DON'T) WHEN YOU SCOLDED ME FOR DANCING WITH CHARLEY THOMPSON? YOU KNOW I MADE BELIEVE I WAS HURT BUT I REALLY LIKED THE THOUGHT THAT YOU JUST MIGHT BE JEALOUS— YOU GREAT BIG WONDERFUL MAN OF DESTINY— AND I AM WONDERING IF WAY DOWN DEEP IN YOUR HEART YOU

ARE SINCERE OR WHETHER IT IS JUST A PASSING FANCY— ANYHOW I AM GOING TO SIGN MYSELF—  
YOUR HEAVEN EYES—  
MRS. ZANDER TESTIFIED SHE DID NOT LEARN TO LOVE YOU UNTIL SHORTLY BEFORE YOU BECAME ENGAGED ON THE 13TH OF MARCH— THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN LONG BEFORE THAT TIME, WAS IT NOT?  
A— IT WAS—  
Q— YOU HAD EVERY HONORABLE INTENTION OF MARRIAGE, MRS. ZANDER, HAD YOU NOT?  
A— I FOUND HER DIARY—  
Q— WHAT BECAME OF THIS DIARY?  
A— I MAILED IT TO HER—  
Q— WHY DID YOU MAIL IT TO HER?  
A— I MAILED IT WITH A LETTER EXPLAINING MY REASON FOR NOT APPEARING AT THE CHURCH ON THE DATE SET FOR THE WEDDING—  
Q— WAS THERE ANYTHING IN THIS

DIARY PERTAINING TO YOU?  
A— THERE WERE SOME VERY UNCOMPLIMENTARY THINGS—  
Q— WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY UNCOMPLIMENTARY?  
A— THE THINGS WRITTEN THEREIN REQUIRED TO ME CONCLUSIVELY THAT SHE DID NOT LOVE ME BUT WAS MARRIAGE ME FOR MY MONEY—  
AFTER QUOTING VARIOUS PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY ATTORNEY MOVEN TURNED OVER THE WITNESS TO THE PROSECUTION FOR CROSS EXAMINATION—  
IT WAS A BIG DAY FOR ANDY— IT WAS UNCLE BIM'S ROUND BY A LARGE MARGIN—  
SIDNEY SMITH

## SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Eyes Have It!



BOY, YOU GOTTA CUT OUT THIS MASH BUSINESS WITH MY STENOGRAPHER AND GET TO WORK. GO DOWN TO THE STOCK ROOM AND PACK THEM IRON BOLTS.  
WHY POPPER, THAT WOULD RUIN MY HANDS! I MUST KEEP UP APPEARANCES WITH MISS O'FLAGE FOR YOUR SAKE. LOOK, DID YOU EVER USE SQUEEGEE NAIL PASTE? IT'S SPLENDID!  
HERE'S THE PIE YOU TELEPHONED THE BAKERY FOR.  
GOOD! GOOD!



WELL—GO ON—WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT MY EYES?  
A. E. HAYWARD

## THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



## THE ODOR OF FISH AND BAIT



## BY FONTAINE FOX



## SCHOOL DAYS



## BY DWIG



## BY C. A. VOIGHT



## PETEY—He Explains the Radio



I SIMPLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT IS POSSIBLE—HOW DOES IT WORK?  
—WELL, YOU SEE THIS HERE HORN HERE AND THAT THERE BOX, WELL, NOW A COUPLE HUNDRED MILES AWAY AT THE SENDING STATION IS SOMETHING LIKE THAT ONLY JUST THE OPPOSITE—  
—THEN THEY GET SOME WOMAN OR MAN OR SOMETHING—DON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE WHETHER THEY'RE RUSSIAN OR FRENCH OR WHAT NOT AND THEY SING INTO A HORN AND IT GOES OUT OF THE BOX AND UP A WIRE TO THE ROOF, SEE?  
—THEN THERE'S SOMETHING THEY CALL VITAMINES OR KILOMETERS OR WHATEVER IT IS AND THEY GRAB IT AND THE NEXT MINUTE THOSE WIRES OF OURS GRAB IT AND DOWN IT COMES THRU THE BOX AND—  
—ISN'T IT WONDERFUL—HOWEVER DOES IT WORK?  
—I'M SO STUPID ABOUT THOSE THINGS— I WISH MY HUSBAND WERE HERE HE COULD TELL YOU— HE EXPLAINED IT TO ME THE OTHER DAY BUT I'VE FORGOTTEN— MEN KNOW SO MUCH MORE ABOUT THAT SORT OF THING



## GASOLINE ALLEY—More to Be Pitted Than Blamed



AND THEN, MR. FISH, WHEN WE GOT OUT INTO WYOMING THE TIRES BEGAN TO POP! FOUR IN THREE DAYS! YOU SHOULD SEE THE BLOWOUT PATCH I MADE OUT OF A RUBBER BOOT!  
I WENT 6000 MILES WITHOUT CHANGING TIRES  
A WHEEL DROPPED OFF AND WE WROTE IT ON AND OUR JACK BUSTED AND WE BURNED OUT A BRAKE AND RAN OUT OF GAS—  
I HAD A BIT OF TROUBLE!  
YOU'D LAUGHED YOUR HEAD OFF TO SEE US OUT IN THE POURING RAIN BEING SNAKED OUT OF A MUD HOLE BY A TRACTOR AS BIG AS A HOUSE! GOSH IT WAS RICH!  
I HAD BEAUTIFUL WEATHER AND NO MUD AT ALL!  
POOR FISH! I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM! HE NEVER HAS ANY FUN!



## BY KING

Continued tomorrow